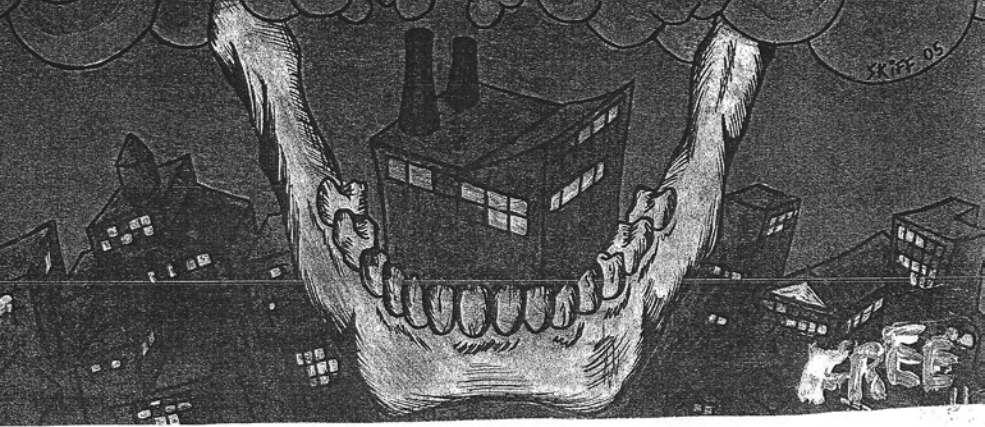


OUR DENISE



SKIPP 05



FREE

...do the small things well and greater things will be asked of you...

May the Peace of Jah, and assurance in your chosen Tao manifest itself to you as you seek the fulfillment of your true potential and actuality, becoming your true authentic self. Do not look outward upon your reflection in the mandala-like eyes of others, and do not compare yourself to others, "greater" and "lesser". For no one knows their true place under this veil of illusion and shadows, and most intricate karmic tapestry of being. Look rather within, to the inner core of your being. Be quiet there, listen until there is no sound. Mind your thoughts, be they optimistic or pessimistic, leading you however they do, like Jung's archetypes of Hermit and Shrew.

The visions of fairy tales or that seductive pull of what Freud described merely as the "Id" which beckons you and spurs you on with testosterone and amphetamine produced in the brain by chocolate and cannabis. Or be it the strong influence of Freud's "Super Ego": the voices and admonishment of all who have crossed your path and left behind your scars and blemishes. Or perhaps affected by what Freud would call the "subconscious" which holds the wealth of truth and insights that, for your own well being, may even have to be kept from your Self.

However noisy all these competing forces and drives, keeping up their clatter, be it compelling or enlightening these neuronal patterns become, being in the seat of judgement is a quiet witness, it seems, because it is never allowed to speak.

It sits, not as Freud may have you believe, as the "Ego", constantly in need of stimuli and nourishment to pump its Self up. That is simply your Pride. Being proud of who you are is important, but, the seat of the soul, which has always existed in this cosmology, and needn't quit its existence ever having known and remembered all, constantly rebirthing as a creative act of Will in a state of perpetual forgetfulness seeking again and again to recall:

"That which is greater than can be conceived. The whole which is far greater than the sum of its parts."

Chopping wood, carrying water before enlightenment.
Chopping wood, carrying water after enlightenment.

John "Flash" Gordon



SO YOU SAY LIFE IS A BOWL OF CHERRIES? QUITE TRUE IN THE MANNER THAT SOMEONE ELSE HAS ALREADY PICKED THEM FROM THE TREE. So what gives? To be locked within our cubed maze... "Attraction! It's all Attraction!"

Nothing draws a crowd like a crowd, the magnetic pull of masses of energy in collaboration with one another. And How A CROWD RESEMBLES AN AMOEBA. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS RUB SHOULDERS AND MULTIPLY AND MULTIPLY AND MULTIPLY AND MULTIPLY AND MULTIPLY We've multiplied to the point where the miracle of life becomes more like a mistake, or accident or life.

LEARN SOME SELF CONTROL.
Broken and silenced, the voices of millions are tossed aside towards the cesspool which we've evolved from. FORCED TO RETURN TO OUR ROOTS IN AN ATTEMPT AT REALIZING OUR MISTAKES

THROUGH REPEATING THEM.
Walking through the museum of our existence just like the Louvre. BEAUTIFUL AND COLD, AND YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO TOUCH ANYTHING. We're jumping from foot to foot, 'look but don't touch, touch but don't taste, and taste but don't swallow.' (and he's up there, laughing his sadist ass off) I AM A FAN OF MAN.

Through chemical reactions, creating from our encoded DNA. Intricacies that reflect the micro and macrocosms that lie before our vision but we can never begin to understand.

The vastness of our claustrophobia....
One of my exes was fatally claustrophobic. We'd go into our old high school cafeteria and she'd just seize up and stop breathing. But she still needed food. Decisions, decisions. So we tapped in an IV and mainlined some opium to kick her into a psychedelic haze of a sedating nature. TRAPPED INSIDE A KALEIDOSCOPE OF NATURAL ESSENCE, AS IF OUR CONSCIOUSNESS IS PROPELLED BY A FORCE CREATED WITHIN A FORCE.

Flashbacks from before the womb beyond the creation, tapping into the web of life, learning the stone play of monkeys from miles away. IF THERE'S REALLY AN INTRICATE GLOBAL CONSCIOUSNESS WITHIN A SPECIES, HOW DE-EVOLVED ARE WE THAT WE'VE BLATANTLY LOST IT? maybe it's because we rely on mechanisms like religion to blind understanding and perception.

SO HOW DO WE BEGIN TO PULL OURSELVES BACK? IS IT POSSIBLE TO FOLLOW A BREAD CRUMB LONG EATEN? TO FOLLOW A PATH OF MEMORIES BACKWARDS? And memory is horribly unreliable. They can change the size of a room or the colour of a chair. Memories are distorted, and irrelevant against the facts. So where does that leave us? Right where we started.



Ask Adam - WHAT IS GOD?

Well, I was asked this auspicious question recently, so I figured since this the first blurb to the blooming minds of modern society, I would indulge in satisfying a common curiosity; **what is God?** In order to view such an obviously arguable question as quickly as possible, please believe nothing of this, but be open to it momentarily. First, to set aside confusing near-homonyms, let me assume the contemplator isn't speaking of the Annunaki / Nephilim extra-terrestrial "Gods" who ruled the world until the fall of Chaldea, known by many names in many lands. Neither am I going to mention the Satanic God who was exiled here as a jail sentence for attempting to overtake the previously mentioned "Gods", later known as The One True God, which modern monotheistic religions worship.

The principal the intellectual mind is grasping for in its symbiotic relative experience in its universe is **the Principal of the Atom**. The Atomic Principal created the entire known universe, composes the source-bits for all things, and is literally Omnipresent. The Child of God is Hydrogen. It composes three quarters of elemental matter, which is inconceivably great in total mass; and since it its atomic brethren differ only in weight, one particle at a time forming new atoms, Hydrogen may easily be seen as the true Son of the Atom.

See...in the beginning, there was just a "nucleus". Not the 'big bang' lie we're told, but the 'big nuclear-like reaction'. The "nucleus" is most likely only "still" momentary, with an unstable arrangement of atomic stuff, and its own criticality causes it to split at the equatorial plane releasing intense energy which radiates from the center like a pogo-ball. I call this the 'pogo-ball effect', but modern science calls it 'radiation belts', or 'van Allen belts'. Now, the deal is at this point, as the energy is radiated outwards, looking like a pogo-ball as energy radiates out the center, the radiation mass and the gravity of the original "nucleus" form a gravitational attraction pulling the radiated energy back into the equatorial center of gravity of the "nucleus". This causes the 'whirling' effect as the energy is radiated outwards as hydrogen atoms. As the "nucleus" radiates its energy, and the energy orbits the particle outwards, it begins to cool. As it cools even slightly, radiating away from the source of heat, atoms of hydrogen fuse in trace amounts to form Helium, the nuclear-reaction of which causes miniature spirals, or eddies, within the spiraling projection, and a chain of atomic activity, cooling even further as it spins away from the source - **small wheels within a wheel**. It's force of expansion is reduced as it extends further from the Source and cools; density of the elemental matter quickening likewise, forming now lithium...beryllium then boron, quickening, and chemically storming, until at the edges of the reaction, inside an eddy, at the 'halt point' of this nuclear fission, lies the Milky Way Galaxy filled with condensed atomic particles of heavy metal, and inside it our meager little sun and its satellite aggregate. We exist in the manifest potential on the edge of a Nuclear-like Reaction; where force, distance from source, and compounding of mass cause a pendulum's rest; the Now, within the pause of the Breath of Brahma, that our microscopic lives are lived.

The play then of atoms in their densification to the apparent chemical reactions to us, is just nature's way. Chemical reactions lead to RNA enzymes, which still perform chemical reactions but also store information, to DNA which store information much better. The Earthen prehistory then of how our naturally occurring DNA evolution was sped by a race of Humanoids from a planet in the far reaches of our solar system...I feel a different matter all together. It was nice of them, in my humble opinion, for we exist today as a result, but we would have in time become ourselves anyways, as in time we shall also become them as they share the same DNA as earth critters did as; simply more evolved.

Is consciousness an evolved byproduct of DNA? No. What We Humans call consciousness is indeed, for the most part, a byproduct of the evolved intelligence of our DNA. Consciousness is a byproduct of that which precedes even Source, or our original "nucleus". Human logic would perceive the probability of our Source "nucleus" being one of many. Mystical indications are that **Source and its emanations are all one consciousness experiencing itself subjectively** (to borrow from Bill Hicks), and all the way from the atomic-emanation of hydrogen from Source, all the way to the manifest elemental physical creatures suspending hydrogen atoms; no level of creation escapes God, the great watcher of the Breaths of Brahma, the Consciousness of Source itself which is within every hydrogen atom, every strand of DNA, every photon of light, every enzyme and protein, vegetation, creature... the scientists suspending a hydrogen atom, the chamber and room which they're in, and the hydrogen atom - staring back at itself through the scientists as a suspended particle of its being.

Please email questions involving the relatively unknown or mysterious to the editor; ATTN: Ask Adam



For the following words and short phrases that people use to describe themselves, please enter a number from 1 to 5 in the self-rating score box [] that best indicates HOW YOU WOULD RATE YOURSELF on every item.

I BELIEVE THAT I AM

1 Not at All Like This	2 A Little Like This	3 Somewhat Like This	4 A Lot Like This	5 Definitely Like This
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► Definitions of these words and phrases are available in the Definition Guide ◄
Try to answer each rating with the first rating score that comes to mind when you see the word or phrase.

1 self-assured	
2 soft	
3 contentious	
4 placid	
5 cautious	
6 tactful	
7 gregarious	
8 inquisitive	
9 outspoken	
10 mild-mannered	
11 quick-witted	
12 steady	
13 improviser	
14 meticulous	
15 witty	
16 exact	
17 daring	
18 security-oriented	
19 quick-tempered	
20 methodical	
21 impetuous	
22 accommodating	
23 sparring	
24 rational	
25 bold	
26 humble	
27 easygoing	

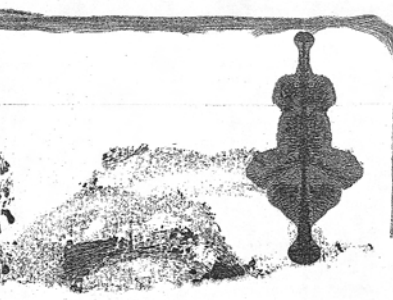

28 consistent	
29 splintered	
30 thoroughgoing	
31 apologetic	
32 analytical	
33 eclectic	
34 solicitous	
35 winning more	
36 constant	
37 uncompromising	
38 collaborative	
39 at ease	
40 down-to-earth	
41 aspiring	
42 courteous	
43 self-driven	
44 undemanding	
45 obstinate	
46 complying	
47 amiable	
48 knowledgeable	
49 vigorous	
50 prudent	
51 wary	
52 cool-headed	
53 strong opinions	
54 obedient	

55 good-cultured	
56 thinker	
57 strong	
58 wary	
59 irascible	
60 easygoing	
61 robustness to pressure	
62 conscientious	
63 well-thought	
64 realistic	
65 dynamic	
66 assenting	
67 clever	
68 tranquil	
69 resisting being pressured	
70 team player	
71 cheery	
72 straightforward	
73 pessimist	
74 uncompetitive	
75 impetuous	
76 even-tempered	
77 ethical	
78 faithful	
79 amusing	
80 enlightened	

FOR OFFICE USE ONLY: Subtract total score of dark spaces from total score of white spaces to determine applicants conformability.



Harold Peters had a unique gift. He could eat raw ingredients (flour, eggs, sugar, lard). And vomit up amazing delicacies (cake, fettuccini alfredo, sandwiches). ESTHER worked as a receptionist and he merely vomited up what anyone ordered safely away from anyone in the privacy of his kitchen. Indeed, Harold Peters had only one person named a free ride in life. But the life Harold was living was a lie. He wasn't really a chef, he was a vomiter. And eventually every lie catches up to you.



.....
There once were these two men, whom, after traveling through the woods for days, came upon the shore of a large lake. The men, exhausted from their journey, decided this to be a good location to take a break and threw their supplies down to relax.

When the conversation grew dry, they took to throwing stones into the wavering shoreline.

The one man merely grabbed whatever stone was available to him and tossed them randomly, while the other began to seek out the flatter of the stones, so that he could skip them across the surface of the lake. He eventually took to foraging the area for choice rocks, which would hopefully travel farther, and skip more times.

It was then that he noticed a nearly perfect rock near the foot of his companion, whom indirectly picked it up and lobbed it into the lake, with such a trajectory the it splashed down with the increased weight. He then saw another choice rock near his companion, which he again grabbed up without noticing, and arced it into the water. The rock was so thin it cut through the surface of the lake with very little splash at all.

This was too much for the man to take, and he finally spoke up, "How come you keep wasting all those perfectly good skipping rocks?"

His companion simply replied, without much thought at all,

"How come you keep skipping all those perfectly good splashing rocks?."

Mr.Morder

...outward digression....



it's just the fact that alot of people don't know how to cope with society. it was a one before it was a four. circulatory excellence of the mind. fuck that shit. fuck the blood stream... lushing it up with tin foil around their pants

Civil

A sterile mind is only cleansed of abstract thought but it is still burdened by seeking the deeper meaning of things that shouldnt be explained.

th collective power of the fuck proper etiquette
the brain doesn't know excuse me's and politeness
the brain doesn't know etiquette because the brain functions with out rules. how much have we lost because of etiquette?
look at the penny
consider the metaphysical. the half-veiled.
home dry home

and they learned it's not what you do, it's what you don't do

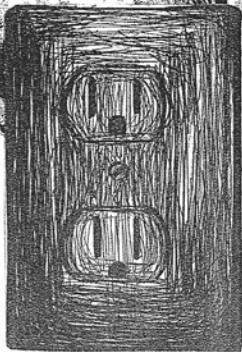


the only man we should be damning is the middle man,
he is the one who stands in our way of progress,
he stops us from getting things done,
he steals the time, energy and money we devote for things we feel important,
he always has to take his share,
he steals his share because
he needs to be paid for work he does,
work i could of done for myself with way less cost,
but still due to my laziness i am sending money to make this man rich,
this is precisely the same position the government takes regarding taxation,
i pay them my taxes to provide me with the necessities such as healthcare
and highways and water and they seem to be giving less of this
and giving more to themselves

~~months~~ ~~of experience~~ I've made a mental note today, for another day is breaking down with fire rising from the clouds. It almost pains to see the land like this, of dried soil and broken roots. To think about my next move, makes bitter faces inside my mind's eye. I'm alone again, besides my rifle, and again my weapon seems to embrace my safety. As the days turn old, it's hard not to notice those watching my every step, it's hard not to notice those lives left untold.

It is scarce to say the least, my fallen comrades have seen better days, and yet a fear for their haven. I shivered during a late night meeting, as reluctant as I am, the truth is I cannot speak about my experience. I cannot pretend, while assuming my position in line, the turmoil one man can create, for me and those alike. I have begun to question my dignity and question the questions that haunt my endless sleep. I am left doubting as I march forward for a better tomorrow. Today though, I sit amongst the graves of never-ending days. Today I cannot say I am alone, I am standing tall.

Distant slumber, fallen choice... Altered Reality, Given
toward a line



This is the time when we accept the notion of our own sick depression, and that we allow our minds to be pulled over the gaming board of life. Like mindless drones working under close eye supervision, slowly moving along the conveyor belts. Bent. Broken. subtly lost inside our own demise.

Tied
up
way down
Inside
It shows
I feel
I got
Murdered
by your
Gun
shots
Alone

I rot
I know
I grow
Pitiful
In this
Blood
shed
Torment
for you.

July 28/05-Monday-0843:27PM

i've been clinically depressed since the age of six. i've been on parli, zoloft, effexor, and others. i'm supposed to still be on zoloft and effexor right now, actually. but, better than any pill is doing something with my life; and you're reading it right now.

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THINK FOR YOURSELF,
 QUESTION AUTHORITY, YELL IT
 OUT LOUD SO THAT WE CAN
 HEAR YOU, FIND YOU, AND SHUT
 YOU UP.

Next issue due out amazingly soon...be aware of coincidences in
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... ONWARDS, DOWNWARDS ...

BY STEPHEN NOTLEY

evolution occurs through the victims